

The Wonderful Zodiacal Light.

THE bright mornings of October are favorable for a view of the mysterious Zodiacal Light, which may be seen like a phosphorescent cone in the eastern sky before the morning twilight dims it. It is no doubt due to the reflection of sunlight from some vast swarm of meteoric matter surrounding the sun.

Lazy Child Often Ill

SLUGGISH YOUTH NOT IN NORMAL CONDITION

Parent or Guardian to Blame if Children Do Not Comply with Rules of Health.

By Dr. W. A. McKeever.

(One of the Nation's Best-Known Educational Writers.)

MANY half-grown boys and not a few girls suffer from chronic laziness, which is really a form of disease. With due consideration and a small amount of care the ordinary case of laziness can be easily cured. To let the matter drag on is a wrong to the child and may contribute to his permanent stupidity and failure.

Why does a boy usually come out of the swimming pool so radiant with energy and good feeling? The answer is simple. He has had a period of ideal physical exercise, and has brought about what we call a reaction. That is, the cool water at first gave the entire surface of his body a mild shock, driving the impure blood away to the lungs for purification. Then the fresh, warm blood came surging back, accompanied by the increased heart action and the invigorating exercise. Thus the bodily tone has been raised perhaps 100 per cent.

Through the observation of conditions now well known this buoyancy after-effect of the swimming is practically a certainty.

Now, laziness is a stupor of body and mind. It is a symptom of a sluggish circulation, of a partial poisoning of the body and brain, of an under supply of oxygen and fuel, of a lack of sufficient exercise. Not only will the "old eximious hole" slightly patronized cure a boy of laziness for hours afterwards, but the same general principles may be made to apply otherwise to the extent of a permanent cure of this stupid disease.

Parents Often to Blame.

It follows that if a boy is chronically lazy, such is a reflection upon the training methods of his parent or guardian, who should study the case and try to effect a cure. Some or all of the following methods may be used with more or less success in treating a child for laziness.

First, see that there is no apparent disease of another nature. Then, if you have time and patience to give your child a cold bath each morning, his laziness will most probably disappear. Have the room warm and use the shower or an ordinary sprinkler if available, in order to be quick. Now, rub the surface all over vigorously and do not stop till it is dry, red and warm. Always bathe the face thus first.

Use the warm bath once per week to keep the pores open and clean. However, it has been found that the majority of busy parents simply cannot provide time and arrangements for giving their children the morning bath. In that case a dry rub-down may be used as a fair substitute for the cold bath. Thus much of the detritus may be removed from the skin and a medium reaction may be induced. Quickener rubbing is the rule here, with of course a warm bath at least once per week.

Exercise is Important.

Then, teach your child to wash his face each morning, always finishing with cold water. Here bring him to the practice of rubbing his face, forehead, neck and eye cavities till the skin is pink. Thus he may avoid many a cold and may add clearness and vigor to his mind—at the same time.

INTERESTING STORIES

Couldn't Do It Justice.

The youngsters came trooping in from the party, and mother wanted to hear all about it. All the boys were loud in their praises of the food that had been provided, but little Muriel was silent and passive.

"And how did my little girl get on?" asked the mother.

"All right," said the child mournfully, looking very sick.

"Good gracious!" cried her mother, alarmed a little. "I should have thought a pretty little girl like you would have had a lovely time."

"It is not much as having a pretty face if your inside's weak, is it?" she said.

The Healthiest Way.

A company commander received an order from battalion headquarters to send in a return giving the number of dead Huns in front of his sector of the trench. He sent in the number as 2,001. H. Q. rang up and asked how he arrived at this unusual figure.

"Well," he replied, "I'm certain about the one, because I counted him myself. He's hanging on the wire just in front of me. I estimated the 2,000. I worked it out all by myself in my own head that it was healthier to estimate, than to walk about in No Man's Land and count 'em."

Though the Years Take Much Away, They Also Have Much to Give Us



Magazine Page



The World's Flower Basket



The thousands of acres given over to the raising of flowers for seeds has given Southern California the name of the "World's Flower Basket." In spite of the need of land for food products the Government encourages the production of flowers.



This year's crop will be shipped to all parts of the world. One order alone amounts to \$50,000 and is from France. The flower beds are the largest in the world and contain almost every known variety.



New Evening Capes

By Rita Stuyvesant.

AS the social season opens one is surprised at the number of formal evening affairs that are being scheduled. But perhaps it is because of the desire of the American woman to entertain our Army and Navy men before they go overseas. The light, filmy gowns that are worn at the dances and dinner parties require some sort of a warm wrap over them, if one is to guard against the chill November winds.

All rather dark colors are used because wraps of this kind can be worn both afternoon and evening. Never before have so many women made their own clothes as this year, and with exceptionally good results.

A lovely evening wrap recently seen at a benefit dance was of navy blue tulle and had been made at home with the assistance of a dressmaker. It was a stunning model, cut of straight lines. A big rolled collar was buttoned high around the throat, while the bottom was finished with deep chenille fringe. Very soft and luxurious was this garment and not at all difficult to fashion. Deep purple would also be unusually effective and is beautiful in the silk tulle.

Soft broadcloth in the new renaissance shade was used in designing a beautiful cape. It was made on a round yoke, and fell in pretty gathers from the shoulders. The convertible collar was outlined in rich black velvet and the bottom of the cape also showed the velvet trimming. Deep elvish were cut for the arms to pass through, at a convenient length. For a promenade on the Avenue, or to cover the Ritz-Croix costume, this warm cape would truly be serviceable. Liberty Blue velvet de laine was made up into another smart wrap. It was a draped military model decorated with a silver buckle. It was shaped around the neck, and hung in graceful folds. The lower right corner was brought up, draped and caught on the left shoulder.

Advice to the Lovelorn

By BEATRICE FAIRFAX

Too Young to Be Engaged.

DEAR MISS FAIRFAX:

Not long ago I met a sailor and he has told me he loves me and wants to marry me. But I feel I am entirely too young to think of such a thing, as I am only sixteen years old. He is nineteen. I told him I would marry him when the war is over, but he said if I grew to love him before I could marry him without waiting. Now I really do love him, so I consented to marry him and we are keeping our engagement a secret. This is what I want to know. Should I let my parents know of it, or should I elope with him, as that is what he wants me to do? He also wants me to go to his native State, but I am afraid to on account of my youth. I know my parents would not approve of our marriage. Please advise.

M. E. G.

SIXTEEN is entirely too young to assume the responsibilities of marriage, particularly without the full consent of one's parents. By all means tell your mother of your engagement. Girls would save themselves a world of trouble if they would only take their mothers or some member of their immediate family into their confidence.

Little Bobbie's Pa

By William F. Kirk.

LAST week I started for a school. My Ma said every little boy should ought to keep a Diary now. She showed me how to start it. So last night Pa said to me, "Bobbie, show me what you have written in your Diary. I got my Diary & Red."

MONDAY: It rained all day & I studied hard in school. I seen in a book were Columbus was the first white Italian in the United States. Went home early & Pa said home ball.

TUESDAY: There wasn't any school, the teacher got drafted. I liked two (2) Boy Scouts & forgot an errand which Ma had told me to do. Home early & got called down.

WEDNESDAY: We had a new teacher, she will never get drafted by a husband I guess, her name is Miss Annie Throp. She said no wonder there is no beekaus men is Brutus. She whistled Skippy and heekaus he said his brother Lester told him he cud chew tobacco if he wanted to. Home early & helped Ma wait for Pa to come home.

THURSDAY: Our new teacher quit. She said the work was unpleasant on account of the (doffy) and she had to teach, she ment us kids. No school & all us kids was glad.

FRIDAY: I got two (2) lickings, one (1) at school & the other at home. I will get seven sum day.

SATURDAY: No school, thank heavens. I went fishing in the North River & didn't catch any fish. I wish I was bigger, I wud go in the Army or Navy.

Well, Bobbie, and Pa, that is a very good start you have made on your Diary sum day, said Pa, you will grow up & look at that little book with a grate deal of pleasure. I wish I had kept a Diary in my young days, said Pa. But I was too busy doing big things, said Pa.

I dare say, said Ma.

I was young my life was so crowded with things, said Pa. I never had time to rite them down in a book.

I dare say not, said Ma.

No indeed, said Pa. But I often wish I had taken time to jot down some of the merry whiffs which I had in them days of my glory said Pa. You must have been a cute little fellow, said Ma. I can just see you now, said Ma, stubbing yore toe & turning home to tell yore mother about it.

I never bothered my mother about my trubbels, said Pa. She told me you were always in trouble, said Ma.

I was fought my own war, said Pa. That is how I grew up as self-reliant, said Pa. War is my overcoat, said Pa.

Rite were you put it, said Ma. Rite in front of yore nose on that nook, said Ma. You are very self-reliant, indeed, said Ma. You better keep a Diary & rite down were you hang yore hat & coat, said Ma. I hope when you grow up you will be near able to talk, said Pa.

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This Day in History.

THIS is the anniversary of the raid on Harper's Ferry by John Brown in 1859. Brown had formed plans to liberate the slaves. After a desperate resistance he was captured, tried and executed. The event had much to do in precipitating the great Civil War.

The Plotters

A SERIAL OF THE EAST AND WEST.

Elizabeth Receives Her First Love Letter from John Butler, Who Has No Word of Self Pity

By Virginia Terhune Van de Water.

CHAPTER LVII.

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ELIZABETH WADE went into her own room, gripping John Butler's letter tightly. It seemed the one thing for her to hold fast to. Some instinct made her turn the key in the door behind her. She could not endure the possibility of any one's intruding on her privacy. Then she sat down and with trembling hands tore open the envelope she held. "My darling," she read.

Her first love letter! As a girl she had dreamed of the man who would some day write to her like this.

In her dazed condition she had almost forgotten her anxiety and fear. Now both rushed back upon her like mighty forces as she read what her lover had to tell her.

He was being detained pending further investigation into the death of Amos Chapin. That was the way he

put it. To the girl the sentence meant but one thing.

John was accused of murder. He would be tried, perhaps found guilty, by a group of men who knew nothing about him. He might even be—

She started to her feet in an agony of terror. Then, with a sharp self-reprimand, she sat down again.

"For his sake I must keep sane," she muttered.

For His Sake.

Slowly she read the closely written pages. Investigation of the course the bullet had taken showed that the wound could not have been self-inflicted; at least, that was what the coroner's jury decided.

"We know they are wrong," John wrote, "and truth must conquer eventually. Chapin shot himself. I do not know whether this was accidental or not. It may have been that he was crazed by rage; perhaps he took up the pistol with the idea of self-defense, and in his agitation pulled the trigger."

"Yet it is strange that I do not remember seeing him touch the thing as he came toward me. Perhaps I, too, was so much excited that it escaped my notice. I recall bracing myself for his attack, and thinking that I must not strike an elderly man, even in self-defense."

"Then there was a blinding flash and he fell. In falling he must have flung the pistol upon the table again. It is all like a awful dream to me. I know my explanation sounds insane and ridiculous. It will sound so to the jurors who will try my case."

"You and Mrs. Chapin will be called as witnesses, of course. I wish I could spare you all this, my darling. My fear is not for myself, but of you—fear that this snuff will make you ill, fear that you are wretchedly unhappy. I am thankful your brother is coming. You must do just what he tells you to do."

"Meanwhile there are the countless delays of the law. You have heard of them. So have I. I have spoken lightly, jestingly of them. I shall never do so again."

"Do not worry about me, dearest. I am comfortable here in this little country jail. Later, of course, I do not know, and I must be patient and await developments. I will try to write you regularly."

No Self-Pity.

"Write to me if you can, please, dear. I will tell the man who takes this to wait for an answer."

Then there followed repetitions of his love for her and his regret at what he was causing her to suffer—his desire that she try to be happy in spite of all that had happened.

Not a word of self-pity. Not a word of his fear for himself. And his life was in danger.

Elizabeth sat motionless for some time. She felt unable to make any muscular effort. At last she dragged herself to her feet. Her limbs were numb, but she could not face him. She must force herself to write something to this man, who depended upon her love.

Seating herself at the table, she took a sheet of paper out of the drawer and, with unsteady fingers, scribbled a few lines.

There was such a blur before her eyes that she could scarcely see. John must not suspect this.

"Darling," she wrote.

(This term of endearment came naturally from her pen. It was as if she and John had been married for years—she took her love and his life as entirely as a matter of course.)

"I am sending you just this little note. I was out when your messenger came, and as I have kept him waiting so long, I must let him return to you soon."

I am loving you better and trusting you more all the time. I am sure everything will come out right. It must. It will. You and I must stay our souls upon this belief.

"ELIZABETH."

"Still acting a part," she muttered, "pretending not to be afraid when I am."

Unlocking her door, she went on downstairs. The man who had brought John's letter was on the side-porch. Mrs. Miller had said, Elizabeth felt she could not face him. Going to the kitchen, she handed the letter to Mrs. Miller.

Solicitous Soul.

"Would you mind," she said tremulously, "giving this to my man? Ask him to give it to Mr. Butler."

When Mrs. Miller had handed the letter to the messenger and returned to the kitchen she found Elizabeth standing where she had left her.

"You look clean tuckered out," the matron remarked solicitously. "Why not lie down, like Mrs. Chapin's dear? What's the matter?" as the girl caught at a chair to steady herself. "Tell me the truth, honey?"

"The truth?"—Elizabeth's teeth chattered as if from a hard chill. "The truth is that—John and I are engaged to be married. And he is held for—the murder—of—of Amos Chapin."

She swayed, and would have fallen but for Mrs. Miller's supporting arms.

(To Be Continued.)